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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF David Garrick, Esq.

The celebrated ENGLISH ROSCIUS.

IN WHICH

His great Powers both in TRAGEDY and COMEDY
are considered, and Messrs. ALLEYN, MOHUN,
HART, NOKES, LEIGH, BETTERTON, WILKS,
CIBBER, and BARRY, compared with Mr. Garrick.

A L S O

Churchill's beautiful Character of Mr. Garrick.

Lines from Sheridan's Monody on the Death of Mr. Garrick, as spoken by Mrs. Yates, at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Prize Monody on the Death of Mr. Garrick, for the Vase at *Bath Easton*, by Miss Seward.

Extract from Theſpis; or a Critical Examination into the Merits of the Performers of Drury-Lane Theatre.

Mr. GARRICK's celebrated Speech on retiring from the Stage, in 1776.

The Proceſſion and Ceremony at his Funeral.

Subſtance of his Will.

His beſt Prologues and Epilogues.

Part of the Ode and Songs written by Mr. Garrick for the Jubilee at Stratford upon Avon.

Epitaph written by Mr. Garrick at his Friend Mr. Henry Hoare's, of Stourhead, Wilts.

Anecdote of Mrs. Garrick and Lady Burlington.

Alſo ANECDOTES, BON MOTS, &c.

OF GARRICK, QUIN, FOOTE, Mrs. WOFFINGTON, and many other Theatrical Performers.

To which is added,

The LIFE of EDWARD ALLEYN,

The celebrated Comedian in the Reigns of Q. Elizabeth and James the Firſt, Founder of Dulwich College, and who was called the ROSCIUS of his Time. Alſo a curious Anecdote of Alleyn, Shakeſpeare, and Ben Jonſon.

By an OLD COMEDIAN.

SECOND EDITION.

With conſiderable Additions.

LONDON PRINTED:

And Sold by J. PRIDDEN, Bookſeller, Fleet-Street; S. BLALON, Pater-noster-Row; J. MATHEWS, near Hungerford-Market, Strand; and all Bookſellers in Town and Country. 1779.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
David Garrick, Esq.
The Great Comedian of the Eighteenth Century



The editor flatters himself that this compilation *must be* acceptable to the English reader, as it contains the Life and Productions of the greatest Theatrical Performer that any age or nation *ever produced*.

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CHURCHILL'S *beautiful* CHARACTER
of Mr. GARRICK.

“ IF manly sense,—if nature link'd with art,
“ If thorough knowledge of the human heart,
“ If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd,
“ If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd,
“ If strong expression, and strange pow'rs, which lie,
“ Within the magic circuit of the eye,
“ If feeling which few hearts like his can know,
“ And which no face so well as his can show,
“ Deserve the preference—GARRICK take the
 chair;
“ Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there!”

LINES from Mr. SHERIDAN'S MONODY
on the Death of Mr. GARRICK, as spoken
by Mrs. YATES at the Theatre Royal, Drury-
Lane.

WHERE then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!—
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our GARRICK'S fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis
 yours.

(To the Audience.)

And O! by every charm his art essay'd
To soothe your cares!—by every grief allay'd,
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his mem'ry with a sad delight!—
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name;
Cherish the keen regret that lists his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his Worth—'tis all you can—be just.

A 2

What

What more is due from sanctifying time,
 To chearful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
 O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom a deathless wreath,
 Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
 For these—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
 The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
 O lovliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
 The pleasing woe to guard the laurel'd shrine!
 As Fancy, oft by Superstition led
 To roam the mansions of the fainted dead,
 Has view'd, by shadowy Eve's unfaithful gloom,
 A weeping Cherub on a Martyr's tomb—
 So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er His sculptur'd bier,
 With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear!
 With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,
 With much regret, and fond enduring grief!
 With looks that speak—he never shall return!—
 Chilling thy tender bosom clasp his Urn;
 And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust,
 Which time may strew upon his sacred Bust!

PRIZE MONODY

*On the Death of Mr. GARRICK, for the Vase
 at Bath Easton, Feb. 11, 1779.*

By Miss SEWARD.

DIM sweeps the shower along the misty vale,
 And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale,
 O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,
 And gazes absent on the faded scenes;
 And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly grace,
 That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,
 When, with sweet smiles, her garlands gay she twin'd,
 And each light spray with roseate ribbons join'd.
 Drop't from her hand the scatter'd myrtles lie;
 And lo! dark cypress meets the mournful eye;
 For thee, Oh Garrick! sighs from Genius breathe,
 For thee, sad Beauty weaves the funeral wreath.

Shakespeare's

Shakespeare's great spirit, in its cloudless blaze,
 Led him unequal'd thro' th' inventive maze ;
 'Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,
 Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.
 He caught the genuine humour glowing there,
 Wit's vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer ;
 The strange distress that fires the kindling brain
 Of feeble madness on the stormy plain ;
 Or when pale youth, in midnight shade,
 Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the glade ;
 Or starting from the Couch with dire affright,
 When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the sight
 In all the horrors of the guilty soul,
 Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole.
 —Our subject passions own'd the sway complete,
 And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakespeare great.

That voice, which pour'd its music on our ear,
 Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,
 Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,
 With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,
 Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple sleek,
 Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek---
 Where are they now ?--Dark in the narrow cell
 Insensate—shrunk—and still—and cold they dwell ;
 A silence solemn and eternal keep,
 Where neither Love shall smile—nor Anguish weep.

Breath, Genius, still the tributary sigh !
 Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye !
 With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,
 While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine !
 Then give his merits to your loudest fame,
 And write in sun-bright lustre GARRICK's name !

*Lines from Thespis ; or a Critical Examination
 into the Merits of the Performers of Drury-Lane.*

HOW oft, soul-searching GARRICK, have I hung
 On every accent of that wond'rous tongue ;
 When in Old LEAR, returning into sense,
 And faintly guessing at some past offence,

To gain **CORDELIA**'s pardon thou hast pray'd,
And knelt by instinct with that suff'ring maid !
How has my breast then labour'd with its sigh,
And the big sorrow delug'd all my eye.

Long in the annals of theatric fame,
Has truth grac'd **GARRICK** with a foremost name ;
Long in a wide diversity of parts,
Allow'd his double empire o'er our hearts ;
Either in mirth to laugh us to excess,
Or where he weeps to load us with distress—
Nor is it strange, that e'en in partial days,
He gains so high an eminence of praise ;
When his united requisites are more,
Than ever centred in one mind before :
Say, if we search, minutely, from the age
In which Old **THESPIS** first began the stage,
And range thro' all the celebrated climes,
In which it flourish'd, to the present times,
Where shall we find an actor who has prest,
With such extensive force upon the breast,
Fill'd such opposing characters for years,
Unmatch'd, alike, in laughter or in tears ?
Others, perhaps, the greatest of their hour,
Whom fame extoll'd as prodigies of power,
Have yet to scanty limits been confin'd,
And shewn but one dull tendency of mind ;
On bold blank-verse heroically rose,
Or meanly ambled upon humbler prose—
OTHELLO's form a **BETTERTON** might wear,
And rend the soul with horror and despair ;
BOOTH might with conscious majesty declaim,
And build on **CATO** a substantial name ;
In **WILDAIR**, **WILKES** most certainly might soar,
And **CIBBER**'s fop set millions in a roar ;
But which of these like **GARRICK** cou'd appear,
In **ROMEO**, **SHARPE**, in **DRUGGER** and in **LEAR** ;
Fill the wide rounds of passion as they fall,
And shine with equal excellence in all ?

T H E

[1]

THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

MR. GARRICK was born at Hereford, in the month of March 1716. His father bore a Captain's commission in the army. He was educated partly with the present Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Litchfield; afterwards at Rochester, under Mr. Colson. In 1736 he was entered of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-Inn, being intended for the bar. In 1741 he quitted the profession of the law for that of the stage, and made his * first appearance at the theatre

* Some are of opinion that Mr. Garrick made his first appearance upon the stage at Ipswich, about the year 1739, in the part of Dick in the Lying Valet; and a few nights after he appeared in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, for the Benefit of Miss Hippley. He went then by the name of Liddel.

tre in Goodman's fields, in the character of Richard III. "In which," says a certain writer, "like the sun bursting from behind a cloud, he displayed in the earliest dawn, more than a meridian brightness". In the following summer he performed at Dublin; and in the winter next ensuing he engaged himself with Mr. Fleetwood, the then manager of Drury-Lane theatre, where he continued till the year 1745, in the winter of which he again went to Ireland, and became joint-manager with Mr. Sheridan. In 1746 he engaged with Mr. Rich, Patentee of Covent-Garden Playhouse; and at the close of that season, in conjunction with Mr. Lacy, purchased the property, together with the renewal of the patent of Drury-Lane theatre. In 1749 he was married: And on Tuesday, June 11, 1776, he retired from the Stage.

Drury-Lane Theatre was closed for that season with the Comedy of the *Wonder*, in which Mr. Garrick made his last theatrical appearance in *Don Felix*, generously giving the profits of the night as a *second* benefit that year to the fund. His performance was inimitable; never were the passions of love, jealousy, rage, &c. so highly coloured, or admirably set off.

off. In short, he finished his comic course with as high a theatrical climax, as he did his tragic one in *King Lear*, a few evenings before.

The play being ended, the awful crisis came, when the *Roscus* of this country was to take leave of the town in his public capacity; and of all those numberless admirers, who had followed him for so many years, with a devotion that could be only equalled by his merits. The scene was too distressing to be described. Let the reader conceive this universal favourite, impressed with all those nicer feelings which his peculiar situation must call forth, advancing forwards, to bid farewell to that public, who seemed universally to lament that they should be the melancholy witnesses of their own great loss. Behind him, and between him, stood groupes of his mournful subjects, whose tears spoke their sorrow, and who for once joined in one *unfeigned* tragedy.

After a short pause, as soon as he recovered a little from the first shock, he

B 2

addressed

addressed the audience in the following words :

“ *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

“ *It has been customary with persons under*
 “ *my circumstances, to address you in a fare-*
 “ *wel epilogue. I had the same intention,*
 “ *and turned my thoughts that way ; but in-*
 “ *deed I found myself then, as incapable of*
 “ *writing such an epilogue, as I should be now*
 “ *of speaking it.*

“ *The jingle of rhyme, and the language*
 “ *of fiction, would but ill suit my present feel-*
 “ *ings.*

“ *This is to me a very awful moment ; it*
 “ *is no less than parting for ever with those*
 “ *from whom I have received the greatest*
 “ *kindness and favours, and upon the spot*
 “ *where that kindness, and those favours*
 “ *were enjoyed.*

[Here for a moment he was unable to proceed,
 until relieved by a flood of tears.]

“ *Whatever may be the changes of my fu-*
 “ *ture life, the deep impression I have of your*
 “ *kindness, will always remain here [putting*
 “ *his hand on his breast] fixed, and unal-*
 “ *terable.*

“ *I will*

“ I will very readily agree to my successors
 “ having more skill and ability for their sta-
 “ tion than I have ; but I defy them all to take
 “ more sincere, and more uninterrupted pains
 “ for your favour, or to be more truly sensible
 “ of it, than is your most obedient and grateful
 “ servant.”

Here he retired, crowned with never-
 fading laurels, amidst the blendid tears and
 acclamations of the most brilliant theatre
 that ever was assembled.

It may not be unentertaining to the
 reader, in this place to give a short account
 of the *Jubilee at Stratford upon Avon*,*
 in honour of the immortal *Shakespeare*,
 planned and conducted by Mr. GAR-
 RICK.

On Wednesday, Sept. the 6th, 1769,
 early in the morning, the Jubilee began
 by the firing of cannon ; immediately after
 which the principal ladies were serenaded
 under their windows with hautboys,
 flutes, &c. accompanied with songs by
 Mess. Dibdin and Vernon. The town be-
 ing thus roused, the magistrates assembled
 about eight in one of the principal streets.
 Mr.

* The place of Shakespeare's nativity.

Mr. Garrick, the steward, was at the public breakfast room a little after eight, to receive the company ; previous to which the Mayor, at the head of the Corporation, waited upon Mr. Garrick, and in a polite speech, presented him with a medallion of Shakespeare, carved on a piece of the famous mulberry-tree, planted by the immortal poet's own hand, and richly set in gold. Mr. Garrick to this mark of attention made a suitable reply, and fastened the present about his neck. The ladies, as well as gentlemen, wore favours in honour of the first Dramatic Writer.

At breakfast, among other persons of distinction, there were present the Duke of Dorset, Lord Beauchamp, Ld. Grosvenor, Lord Archer, Sir W. W. Wynne ; the Hon. Mr. Conway ; Lord Denbigh, Lord Spencer, Lord Craven, &c.

From the breakfast-room, (the town-hall) the company retired to the church, where the Oratorio of Judith was performed, conducted by Dr. Arne. The band was excellent. When the Oratorio was finished, Mr. Garrick and the performers walked in procession to the amphitheatre,

phitheatre, Mr. Vernon, Champneys, and the rest singing the following Chorus to an accompaniment of proper instruments.

This is the Day, a Holiday ! a Holiday !

Drive Spleen and Rancour far away.

This is the Day, a Holiday ! a Holiday !

Drive Care and Sorrow far away.

Here Nature nurs'd her darling boy,

From whom all Care and Sorrow fly,

Whose Harp the Muses strung :

From Heart to Heart let Joy rebound,

Now we tread enchanted Ground.

Here Shakespeare walk'd and sung.

The ladies and gentlemen dined in public at the amphitheatre, where they were occasionally entertained with songs and catches written and composed on purpose for the Jubilee, till after tea, when they retired to dress for the ball, at which were present many persons of the first distinction, viz. Duke of Manchester, Lord Northampton, Lord Hertford, Lord Carlisle, Lord Pigot, &c. The evening concluded with superb fireworks.

On Thursday morning breakfast was given in the same manner as the preceding day ; after which the company went to the amphitheatre, to hear the Dedication Ode, * performed under the direction of
Dr.

* See amongst his poetical pieces part of the Ode, and some favourite Songs, &c, composed on the occasion.

Dr. Arne. The recitative parts were spoken by Mr. Garrick, who never shewed greater powers, more judgment, or ever made a stronger impression on the minds of the audience.

When the Ode was finished, Mr. Garrick stood up, and delivered a prose encomium on Shakespeare, in which the poet's enemies were called upon to advance whatever they could in opposition to his character.

Mr. King, the comedian, who stood in a direct line to the orchestra, on this expressed his intention of attacking the reputation of Shakespeare, went round, and speedily (taking off his great coat) came into the orchestra, in the character of a Macaroni, in a suit of fashionable blue, ornamented with silver frogs, to support the justice of his allegation; and censured Shakespeare as a very ill-bred fellow, for making people laugh and cry as he thought proper. Several persons thought he was really serious, and seemed much dissatisfied, while numbers who saw into the intention, were highly diverted.

Mr. Garrick then addressed the ladies in

a poetical speech, complimenting them on the regard they had always shewn to Shakespeare, and exhorting them to support the reputation of a poet, who was so remarkable for supporting the dignity of the female character.

The company at the masked ball in the evening was very numerous, among which were many persons of distinguished rank.

Mrs. Garrick danced a minuet in a most graceful manner, and joined in the country dances.

Mr. Garrick was requested to recite his Ode on Friday, and politely complied.

In the evening the Town-hall was illuminated for the assembly, and some transparencies hung out at the window for the amusement of the populace. The transparencies consisted of a whole length of Shakespeare in the middle, with Falstaff and Pistol on his left hand, and on his right, Lear in the execration passage, and Caliban drinking from Trinculo's keg.

F I G U R E.

Mr. Garrick was less than the middle size, but so well proportioned, that tho' his person was not calculated to express

a superior degree of dignity, yet it was formed to exhibit the highest grace. In the most exalted characters, it carried an air of great elegance, in the most humble, a degree of much ease. It was happily suited to the gaiety of youth, and the infirmities of age; the frolics of a ~~R~~Ranger, or the distress of a Lear. 'Tis not a little surprising that the generality of people, when they talk of a hero, always annex the idea of six feet high, as if greatness of soul was confined to eminence of person! It would have been thought perhaps ridiculous had Mr. Garrick played Alexander the Great; yet, when we are informed that Alexander the Great was not taller than Mr. Garrick, and moreover, that he had a crooked neck, so odd a way of thinking must appear a little extraordinary!

F A C E.

Few people were so happy in an expressive set of features as Mr. Garrick. There was a corresponding somewhat through all the muscles, that most surprisingly conveyed the feelings of the mind in the lineaments of the face. His complexion was exquisitely adapted to assist

fixt the motion of the eye, which was black, piercing, and full of fire, and from its natural lustre, calculated to give an additional energy to the force of his features, and to look whatever he would utter into the very soul of his audience.

VOICE.

Mr. Garrick's voice was clear, impressive, and affecting; in declamation uncommonly forcible, in narrative unaffectedly simple; could vibrate through all the modulations of sound, could thunder in passion, tremble in fear, dissolve into the softness of love, or melt into every mood of pity and distress.

EDUCATION.

Few people will insist upon the absolute necessity of a university education to make a man acquainted with the republic of letters, to cultivate his genius, or to improve his understanding. That Mr. Garrick, without these, had a competent knowledge of both the dead and living languages, and was sufficiently acquainted with both the ancient and modern au-

thors, will require no other proof than the different productions with which he favoured the public. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, sculpture, gave him each its respective graces ; from these he borrowed his deportment, his attitudes, and his ease.

These were the powers with which he charmed and astonished all degrees of people ; and with these powers he had all nature at his command. At twenty-four he could put on all the weakness and wrinkles of the greatest age ; and at sixty he wore in his appearance and action, all the agility of buxom and wanton youth. In heroes and princes he assumed all the distant pride, the exalted manner, the stately port of rank and royalty. He moved with dignity, spoke with dignity, acted with dignity. His prince never interfered with his peasant, nor his peasant with his gentleman. He was always judicious. He had in his possession every key of the soul ; he transported his hearers where he pleased. He was the master of the passions, and tuned them to his will ; he waked them, swelled them, soothed them ; he melted them into softness,

ness, or roused them into rage. If he was angry, so was you; if he was distressed, so was you; if he was terrified, so was you; if he was merry, so was you; if he was mad, so was you. He was an enchanter, and led you where he pleased.

It was formerly a generally received notion, that time and experience alone, could form the consummate player, and that it required at least half a score years to rise even to a tolerable degree of perfection. The superior genius and understanding of Mr. Garrick, shook the foundation of this favourite position; he appeared; he threw all the experienced ones at a distance---and in half a score days approved himself the actor of twice as many years.

In less judicious ages, actors have been extolled for the greatness of their merit, though their superiority consisted in nothing more than a single character. In more refined ones, he has been thought sufficiently great, who was excellent in five or six tragedy or comedy parts, (for they seldom extended to both) tolerable in a few others, and barely sufferable in the remainder. Alleyn was a great actor,
but

but we have no absolute certainty of his eminence but in comedy—Mohun and Hart were chiefly confined to the buskin, Nokes and Leigh to the sock—Betterton indeed rose much higher; he was eminent in almost every cast of tragedy, and highly excellent in comedy, but not at all in the low and *outré* of the *vis comica*. Booth shone superior in the majestic and dignified walks of Melpomene, but was by no means considerable in the humorous paths of Thalia.—Wilks in the airy and genteel, and Cibber in the insignificant and ludicrous, of the latter, were incomparable; but nothing but their names alone could tolerate their appearance in the former. To descend to later times, the celebrated Barry might be considered Mr. Garrick's only competitor, and though a great favourite of the public, was obliged to submit to his superior powers.

From this view of Mr. Garrick, let us proceed to some few particulars. In many parts of Tragedy, by his judgment in conceiving, and his talents in executing, he never failed exciting similar feelings in the breasts of his audience. In that picturesque display in Hamlet, of the poor parade

rade of vestimental mourning, compared to the general grief of an affected heart, who could hear him without sympathy repeat,

“ But I have that within which passeth shew.”

In the scene with Lady Ann, in Richard, with what masterly judgment and surprising powers, with what a well dissembled passion, he worked the lady to a firm belief of his sincerity ! And on the appearance of the ghost of Banquo, how repeatedly astonishing his transition from the placidly merry, to the tremendously horrific !

To consider him in comedy, the manner of his playing Bayes he entirely struck out himself ; and is a test of much judgment, infinite vivacity, ready invention, and every other quality which composes the genuine vis comica. In Benedict he gave us the highest specimen of the sprightly and the humorous ; in Kiteley of the jealous ; in Chalkstone of the persevering debauchee. And in a variety of other parts, almost every character within the compass of the comic muse.

But it is not to be understood that we
think

think Mr. Garrick was utterly exempt from faults ; no, we observed a fault in Mr. Garrick from his first appearance on the stage ; it was a way of resting in the middle of a line, where the sense is continued. We have a striking instance of it in King Richard, where, in the heat of his fury, he calls out to the archers,

Draw, archers, draw, your arrows to the head.

This line ought to be spoken with rapidity, and the whole force of the voice reserved for the last word ; instead of this, Mr. Garrick bestowed so much breath on the three first, that he was forced to pause to get in more to speak the rest with, and accordingly he always pronounced the line with an unnatural gap in the middle,

Draw, archers, draw——your arrows to the head.

This, and many other faults of the like kind, Mr. Garrick fell into. He was every now and then too stiff and prolix in his recitation, particularly in the narrative, colloquial, and imprecative parts, which require a degree of volubility, to distinguish them from the declamatory and imperative. Mr. Garrick has been also much blamed for an occasional compli-
ance

ance with the viciated taste of the audience, in introducing the *outré*, for the sake of a laugh, where the author never intended it.

Considered as a universal actor, Mr. Garrick never had his equal; his only model was Nature; he copied no one that ever preceded him; he was the only complete and original dramatic performer this nation ever knew. And as a manager, he was superior to all that ever went before him.

As a poet and dramatic writer, he had considerable merit. He possessed, in a great degree of eminence, that happy quality, which the English have long been peculiar for, called *Humour*; to this he added a knowledge of stage-effect, which he understood and applied better than any man of his time. His connections being very much amongst the great and fashionable part of the world, and having a strong turn for a quick observation on little things, he hence furnished his prologues and epilogues with many strokes of pleasant satire on the follies, vices, and caprices of the present times.

His *Flash*, *Fribble*, and *Chalkstone*, characters

acters truly original, do honour to his genius; and many excellent pieces; which he did not publicly avow, have, with great appearance of truth, been ascribed to him.

As a companion, no man was more lively and entertaining; his wit was manly, his repartee uncommonly quick. The true milk of charity he possessed in an unbounded degree, was a fond and tender husband, a most generous relation, and good neighbour.

He lived like a sovereign prince, and possessed the warm friendship and esteem of the most distinguished characters of these kingdoms. He was honoured with the visits of all the Nobles of our own country, as well as of those of other climes, and was addressed and praised by the men of genius of every state.

By Mr. Garrick's uncommon theatrical talents, he for near forty years continued to command the unbounded applause of an admiring public, and gave a new lustre and dignity to the profession itself, of which he was so distinguished an ornament; and at last sold his share of the theatre for upwards of 30,000l.

Such

Such was David Garrick ; but let the following lines of the immortal Shakespeare finish the portrait :

- “ Oh ! thou divinest Nature ! how thyself thou blazon’st
- “ In this thy son ! form’d in thy prodigality,
- “ To hold thy mirrour up, and give thee time
- “ Its very form and pressure. When he spoke,
- “ Each aged ear play’d truant at his tales,
- “ And younger hearings were quite ravished,
- “ So voluble was his discourse——Gentle
- “ As zephyr-blowing underneath the violet,
- “ Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough,
- “ (His active blood enchain’d) as the rude wind,
- “ That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
- “ And make it stoop to th’ vale. ’Twas wonderful !
- “ For if we take him but for all in all,
- “ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

Mr. Garrick’s

Mr. GARRICK's Death,
Funeral Proceſſion,
And Will.

MR. GARRICK'S DEATH,

Funeral Procession,

AND WILL.

T H E

DEATH of Mr. GARRICK.

ON Wednesday morning, the 20th of January, 1779, about eight o'clock, this truly great man died, universally lamented, in the sixty-second year of his age. He had for many years been unfortunately afflicted with fits of the stone and gravel, which at length affecting his kidneys, occasioned his death. For the last four days of his life, he laboured under a suppression of urine, which brought on a mortification, and thence put a period to his existence. As is usual in such cases, he expired without expressing the least sensation of pain, nor did he appear to have felt any for more than thirty hours preceding his death.

The managers of Drury-Lane, as a token of their regard for his memory, shut up their house as soon as they heard of his

his death, and no play was performed that evening. A compliment justly due !

Mr. Garrick met his dissolution with a becoming fortitude, for upon Dr. Cadogan's hinting to him on the Monday before he died, that his disorder was of an alarming nature, and that, as his friends had the worst to fear, he thought it right, that if he had any worldly matters to settle, it was most prudent to finish them with all convenient speed, Mr. Garrick assured him he had nothing on his mind on that account, nor did he fear to die.

Mr. Garrick was also perfectly sensible when Dr. Scomberg visited him at eleven o'clock on the Tuesday morning, (previous to his death on the Wednesday) and as the Doctor made the fifth physician in the room, and had entered the last, Mr. Garrick squeezed him by the hand, and said, with great affection, "tho' last, not least in our dear love," accompanying his words with a most arch and significant look, at the same time pointing to the other physicians, as much as to say, "You see what company I am in."

We

We shall conclude this part of Mr. Garrick's death with the following elegant tribute to his memory from the *Literary Fly*:

“ For you, ye sons and daughters of Amusement, natives of the same country which his genius polished and adorned—when next ye find yourselves within that mansion where his magic powers have given you such frequent pleasure---pause---repress your rising mirth, check the new-born smile. And you, ye children of Grief, whom he so often cheated of your woes; who do not come to smile---all, all, look round, the mournful and the merry, join in the general sigh which breaks forth from the multitude as from one body, and ask yourselves---

Where is GARRICK?

Alas! he could not flee from Death's arresting arm through all his thousand characters! Have ye not almost wept, when the curtain has dropt upon one only of the many parts he played, only for a night, only for a single act? How must you feel now, when the last curtain of Death is dropt upon Garrick himself for ever!---

E

Nor.

Nor does his bier pass along unbedewed with the tears of all good men. They weep that Virtue should, in common life also, have lost her very representative.

“ Of all human beings, who have appeared in the world, or departed from it, none was ever more conspicuously marked by the hand of Happiness, either in his life or in his death, than David Garrick. He belonged to a profession, the members of which feast upon their own fame more than those of any other; and feast upon it while their taste and relish are yet alive---he acquired more fame in that profession than perhaps any of his predecessors in any country, he enjoyed every morsel of it, he was rewarded with something more substantial than even that fame. He did not, like a Marlborough or a Swift, outlive himself—he heard his whole country, a country of Englishmen, agree for once, in one opinion of his excellence; he saw that whole country mourn, when he took a final leave but of its stage---and he died, at last, in the fulness of days, prosperities, and honours.----Happy Garrick!

Mr.

“ Mr. Sheridan, author of *The School for Scandal*, paid him that compliment which talents ought to pay to Genius. The very boards and scenes of the Play-house, on the evening of the day on which Garrick expired, were made to mourn their loss; and the whole theatrical body was still and without life or motion---it had just breathed out its vivifying soul. Nor was this all--- the populace who had left their homes in search of entertainment for the night, wept the sad occasion of their disappointment, silently traced back their dejected footsteps, nor murmured but at the uncertainty of life.”

The Funeral Procession and Ceremony observed at the Interment of DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
Feb. 1, 1779.

ABOUT a quarter after one o'clock, the company set out from Mr. Garrick's house on the Royal Terrace in the Adelphi, and proceeded in thirty-three mourning coaches, drawn by six horses each, to Westminster-Abbey, in the following order :

Four Porters with Staves.

State Lid of Feathers.

Six Pages.---[Hearse full drest, with the Body in a coffin covered with crimson velvet, gilt furniture, nails, &c. on which were the arms of the deceased, with this motto underneath,

RESURGAM,

And his name, his age, and the day and year of his death.]-- Six Pages.

Six Horsemen with Cloaks.

The Pennon on Horseback.

Two Supporters.

Six Horsemen with Cloaks.

Surcoat, Mr. Evans, Treasurer of D. L. Theatre

Helmet, Crest, and Mantle, Mr. Kirk,

Housekeeper.

State

State Coach empty.

2d Coach, four Clergymen, Dr. Hamilton, Rev. Mr. Wright, Rev. Mr. Bowyer, Rev. Mr. East.

Five Coaches with Paul-Bearers.

1st Coach, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Camden.

2d. Lord Spencer, Lord Offory.

3d. Lord Palmerston, Hon. Mr. Rigby.

4th. Sir W. W. Wynne, Bt. Hon. Mr. Stanley.

5th. Albany Wallis, Esq. — Paterfon.

Chief Mourners.

8th Coach, R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Two Train-Bearers.

9th Coach, Family Mourners, Rev. Mr. C.

Garrick, David Garrick, Esq. Nat. Garrick, Esq. — Schaw, Esq.

10th. Physician and Apothecary, Dr. Cadogan, and Mr. Lawrence.

Butler, Carpenter to Drury-Lane, Fosbrook, Book-Keeper, two Horsemen with Cloaks.

Gentlemen of the Theatre, Drury-Lane.

11. Mess. King and Smith.

12. Mess. Yates, Dodd, Vernon.

13. Mess. Palmer, Brereton, Bensley, Moody.

14. Mess. Aickin, Parsons, Baddeley.

Two Horsemen in Cloaks.

Gentlemen of the Theatre, Covent-Garden.

15. Mess. Mattocks, Clarke, Aickin, Baker.

16. Mess. Hull, Lewis, Wroughton, Reinhold.

17. Mess. Lee Lewes, Whitfield, Quick, and Wilson.

Two Horsemen in Cloaks.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the Literary Club.

18. Lord Alstrop, Hon. J. Beauchlerke, Sir Charles Bunbury, Edmund Burke, Esq.
 19. John Dunning, Esq. Dr. Percy, Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Morles, Dean of Furness.
 20. Edward Gibbon, George Colman, Joseph Banks, Anthony Chamier, Esqrs.
 21. Wm. Jones, Esq. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hon. Charles Fox, Wm. Scot, Esq.
 22. Dr. G. Fordyce, Rob. Orme, Esq. Bennet Langston, Esq. — Chetwynd, Esq.
- Two Horsemen in Cloaks.

Intimate Friends.

23. Sir Geo. Cooper, Bart. Tho. Harris, Esq. Sir Tho. Mills, Hen. Hoare, Esq.
24. John Robinson, Esq. Gen. Hale, Geo. Harding, Esq. Rich. Berenger, Esq.
25. Henry Wilmot, Esq. — Rupert, Esq. Rob. Adam, Esq.
26. Rich. Cumberland, — Calvert, Rich. Cox, Tho. Wyld, Esqrs.
27. Rev. Hen. Bate, Dr. Ford, Rich. Tickle, Esq. Tho. Linley, Esq.
28. Nath. Barwell, Esq. Geo. Ramus, Esq. sen. Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cholmondeley, Geo. Ramus, Esq. jun.
29. Wm. Whitehead, Esq. — Wilson, Esq. Dr. Burney, — Airy, Esq.
30. Mr. Tho. Forrest, — Parson, Esq. John Crawford, Esq. Tho. Vaughan, Esq.
31. — Angelo,

31. — Angelo, Esq. Mr. Racket, jun. Mr. Racket, sen. — Churchill, Esq.
 32. Monf. de Louthembourg, Mr. Bennet, Monf. Texier, Mr. Becket.
 33. — Walker, Esq. Thomas Johnes, Esq. Mr. Noverre, — Capel, Esq.
- Mr. Garrick's family coach empty; Capt. Schaw's ditto, followed by the gentlemen's family carriages, to the number of 34, the coachmen and footmen in black silk hatbands and gloves.

A party of the guards preceded the procession to the church, where two other parties formed a line for the company to pass through.

The whole of the company were not out of their carriages till a quarter past three, when on entering the church, the body was received at the great west door by the Bishop of Rochester, Dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir in their hoods and surplices, preceded the corpse up the center aisle, during which time the full organ and choir performed Purcell's grand funeral service. Arriving at the place of interment immediately under the monument of Shakespeare, in Poets Corner, the Bishop performed the last ceremony of the church; the choir sung another solemn strain, and the remains were deposited in a grave, doubly hallowed by a nation's grief, and the copious tears of private friendship!

After

After the burial service was over, the mourners severally quitted the Abbey, but did not return in form as they came there.

The concourse of people of all ranks who assembled along the strand, Parliament-street, and other places leading to the Abbey, to pay their last tribute to their deceased favourite, was greater than ever was remembered on any occasion, and not a face was seen, that did not wear its portion of the general concern.

Substance

THE

Substance of Mr. Garrick's Will.

I David Garrick, of the Adelphi, do give and devise unto Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John Paterfon, Esq; and Albany Wallis, Esq; my dwelling-house at Hampton, &c. together with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames, and the statue of Shakespeare; and also my dwelling-house in the Adelphi; and all the pictures and household furniture in both the said houses; in trust for my wife Eva Maria Garrick, during the term of her natural life, for her own residence: I give to my said wife all my household linen, plate, and china, in town and country; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, and also 1000l. to be paid immediately after my death, and the further sum of 5000l. to be paid twelve months after my decease; and I also give to her one clear annuity of 1500l. for her natural life, while she resides in England, and makes Hampton and the Adelphi her chief places of residence,

F,

residence, but if she shall leave England, and reside beyond sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case, I revoke and make void all the devises and bequests to her, and instead thereof give her only a clear annuity of 1000*l.* provided that the provision hereby made for her be in lieu of, and full satisfaction for, the dividends, interest, and profits of 10,000*l.* which, by our marriage settlement, is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in the stocks, or securities, for the purposes therein mentioned; and also in bar, and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be intitled to out of my real estates.—I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now in possession of my nephew David Garrick, at Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands, in the parish of Hampton (except those given to my wife) to my said nephew David Garrick.—I give to my executors my manor of Hendon, with the advowson of the church of Hendon, in trust to sell the same for the purposes hereafter mentioned. I bequeath the statue of Shakespeare (after my wife's death) and all my collection of old English plays, to the British Museum. I give the rest of my books (except such as my wife shall chuse, to the value of 100*l.*) unto my nephew Carrington Garrick.—I give the houses in Drury-Lane, which I bought of the Fund for decayed Actors of the Theatre there,
back

back again to the Fund.—I give to my brother George Garrick*, the sum of 10,000l.—To my brother Peter Garrick, the sum of 3,000l.—To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of 6,000l.—To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of 5,000l. besides what I agreed to give him on his marriage.—I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of the sum of 6000l. part of my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Capt. Schaw. I give to my niece Catherine Garrick, the sum of 6,000l. to be paid to her at the age of 21 years, or day of marriage.—I give to my sister Mercial Doxey, the sum of 3,000l. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum of 1,000l.—And if there shall not be sufficient to pay all the said last-mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton and the fund for payment of the annuities will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full; and in case, after payment of all the said legacies, there shall remain any surplus, I direct the same to

P 2

be

* Mr. George Garrick was dangerously ill when his brother died, and some persons having very inadvertently told him of his death, he was thrown into fits, and died about a fortnight after.

be divided amongst my next of kin, as if I had died intestate; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterfon, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will. In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal this 24th day of September, 1778.

DAVID GARRICK. (L. S.)

**** Mr. Garrick is said to have died worth upwards of One Hundred Thousand Pounds.**

Prologues,

Prologues, Epilogues,

Bon Mots, Repartees,

Ec. Ec.

Prologues, Epilogues,

Bon Mots, Repartees,

Ch. 6.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

A School for Scandal ! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No, need of lessons now, the knowing think,
We might as well be taught to eat and drink ;
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair ones—let 'em read the papers:
Their pow'ful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will there's *quantum sufficit*.

“ Lord !” cries my lady Wormwood, (who loves
tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards, when threshing,
Strong tea and scandal, bless me, how refreshing !

“ Give me the papers, Liss—How bold and free !

—(sips)

“ Last night lord L.—(sips)—was caught with lady D. }

“ For aching heads what charming sal volatile— }

(sips)

“ If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,

“ We hope she'll draw, or we'll *undraw* the curtain.—

“ Fine

“ Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,
 “ But by ourselves—(*sips*)—our praise we can’t refuse
 it.

“ Now, Liss, read you—there, at that dash and star.”

“ Yes Ma’am—A certain lord had best beware,

“ Who lives not many miles from Grosvenor-
 square. }

“ For should he lady W—find willing,

“ Wormwood is bitter.”—“ O that’s me—the villain !

“ Throw it behind the fire, and never more

“ Let that vile paper come within my door.”

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart ;
 To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he
 Can stop the full spring tide of calumny ?

Knows he the world so little and its trade ?

Alas ! the devil’s sooner *rais’d* than *laid* !

So strong, so swift, the monster there’s no gagging ;

Cut Scandal’s head off—still the tongue is wagging.

Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow’d,

Again your young Don Quixote takes the road :

To shew his gratitude he draws his pen,

And seeks this hydra Scandal in its den ;

From his fell gripe the frightened fair to save,

Tho’ he should fall, th’ attempt must please the brave ;

For your applause all perils he wou’d thro’,

He’ll fight—that’s write—a cavalliero true,

Till ev’ry drop of blood—that’s ink, is spilt for you. }

PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

And spoken by him in the Character of a *Country Boy*.

Measter ! measter !

IS not my measter here among you, pray ?

Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—
 The

The actor-folks are making such a clatter !
 They want the pro-log—I know nought o'th'matter !
 He must be there among you—look about——
 A weezen, pale-fac'd man, do find him out——
 Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to sheame ;
 Call mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.

Law ! what a crowd is here ! what noise and
 pother !

Fine lads and lasses ! one o'top o't'other !

[*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*]

I cou'd for ever here with wonder geaze !
 I ne'er saw church so full in all my deays !
 Your servant, furs !—what do you laugh for ? eh !
 You donna take me sure for one o'th'play ?
 You shou'd not flout an honest country-lad,—
 You think me fool, and I think you half mad :
 You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,
 And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [*Laughing.*]
 I donna like your *London* tricks, not I,
 And since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why !
 And if you wull, since now I am before ye,
 For want of pro-log I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
 And get a place among the rich and great ;
 But troth I'm sick o'th'journey I ha'ta'en,
 I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.——
 First in the city I took up my station,
 And got a place with one of th'corporation,
 A round big man—he eat a pleagy deal,
 Zooks ! he'd have beat five plowmen at a meal !
 But long with him I cou'd not make abode,
 For cou'd you think't ?—he eat a great sea toad !
 It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me,
 He call'd it *Belly-patch*, and *Capapee* :
 Law ! how I star'd—I thought,—who knows, but I
 For want of monsters, may be made a pye ;
 Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
 I'll back to whoame, and country-fare again.

G

I left

I left *Toad* eater; then I serv'd a Lord,
 And there they promis'd !—but ne'er kept their word.
 While 'mong the great, this geaming work the trade
 is,

They mind no more poor servants, than their ladies.

A ladie next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
 Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
 She turned the world top down, as I may say,
 She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day !

I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
 She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
 Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days !
 One day I stood by coach, and did but stoop
 To put the foot-board up, and with her hoop
 She cover'd me all o'er—*where are you lout ?*

Here, madam, for heav'n sake pray let me out !

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits,
 There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
 Our meals indeed are slender,—what of that ?
 There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
 Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
 You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece,
 But shou'd you find that all our swans are geese !
 E'feck I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
 But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

[*As he is going off returns.*

O I have seen the finest fights in all the nation !
 I've seen my *Lord May'r's Show*, and the *Crownation* !
 Ay, and since these two fine fights have come to pass,
 I've seen the *King's State-Coach*, and the *Q—n's Ass* !

THE

THE ADDRESS TO THE TOWN,

Usually spoken by Mr. GARRICK, by Way of Epilogue, on the Night of Performance for the Benefit of the Theatrical Fund.

I Who am now a vet'ran of the stage,
 And counsel for infirmity and age,
 Must for the vet'rans cause some pity find,
 A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind!
 Might we but hope, your zeal wou'd not be less,
 Your gen'rous aid to patronize distress;
 That hope obtain'd, the wish'd-for end secures,
 To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.
 Shou'd the great heroes of celestial line,
 Who here have drank their Greek and Roman wine,
 Cæsar, Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
 Nay Jove himself, who here hath quaff'd his nectar,
 Shall they, who govern'd Fortune, cringe and court her,
 Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
 Like Bellifarius tax the pitying street,
 With "*date obolum*" to all they meet?
 Shan't I, who have murder'd many a score,
 Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
 Who numbers slew on this embattl'd plain,
 Shan't I—the slayer, help to feed the slain?
 Brother to all, with pitying eye I view,
 The men who slew me, and the men I slew.
 I must, I will the gen'rous project seize,
 That those too old to die may live with ease.
 Suppose the babes I murder'd in the Tower,
 By chance or fate shou'd lose their acting power,
 Shall they, once princes, and by flatterers serv'd,
 In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd starv'd?

Matrons, half-ravish'd for your recreation,
 In age should never want, some consolation.
 Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost;
 Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
 With grizzl'd beard, pale looks, stalk up and down,
 And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown!
 Forbid it, ladies, gentlemen forbid it,
 Give joy to age, and let them say you did it.
 To you, ye Gods †, I make my last appeal,
 You have a right to judge as well as feel;
 Will your high wisdoms to our suit incline,
 That kings and heroes, gods and ghosts should dine?
 Olympus shakes! that omen all secures,
 May ev'ry joy you give be tenfold yours.

† *Addressing himself to the upper gallery.*

PROLOGUE SPOKE TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(*Acted by Command of his MAJESTY*)

By Mr. GARRICK.

*Being his first Appearance on the Stage after his Return
 from Italy.*

WITH doubt—joy—apprehension, almost dumb,
 One more to face this awful Court, I come!
 Left *Benedick* should suffer by my fear,
 Before *He* enters, I my self am here,
 I'm told (what flatt'ry to heart!) that you *
 Have wish'd to see me, nay have press'd it too,
 Alas; 'twill prove another *Much ado*.
 I like a boy who long has truant play'd,
 No lessons got, no exercises made,
 On bloody monday view my fearful stand,
 And often eye the birchin-scepter'd hand.
 'Tis twice twelve years, since first the stage I trod,
 Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the Critic's rod;

A very

A very *Nine-pin* I my *Stage-life* through,
 Knock'd down by Wits, set up again by You.
 In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
 Is it not long enough to play the Fool?
 To prove it is, permit me to repeat
 What late I heard in passing through the street:
 A Youth of parts, with Ladies by his side,
 Thus cock'd his Glass, and through it shot my pride.
'Tis he, by Jove, grown quite a clumsy fellow;
He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello.
 "O yes, for Comic Scenes—Sir John, no further;
 "He's much too fat—for Battles, Rapes, and Mur-
 ther."

Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
 And make allowance for the wear and tear.
 The Chelsea Pensioner, who, rich in scars,
 Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars;
 Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach,
 To march—present—to fire—and mount the breach.
 Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
 For wooden leg, lost eye, or armless sleeve;
 Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest,
'Tis for my King, and, wounds, I'll do my best!

PROLOHUE TO BRITANNIA, A MASQUE.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK,

*In the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to
 himself. He enters singing.*

How pleasant a Sailor's Life passes—

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow?
 A Sailor, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
 What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[To the Pit.

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[He staggers forward, then stops.

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel:
 Steddy! my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
 Shall I again to sea, and bang *Mounseer*?
 Or stay on shore, and toy with *Sall* and *Sue*—
 Dost love 'em, boy?—By this right hand I do!
 A well rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
 There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:
 I must away—I must—

What! shall we Sons of Beef and Freedom stoop,
 Or low'r our Flag to Slavery and Soup?
 What! shall these *par'y-vous* make such a racket,
 And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
 Still shall *Old England* be your *Frenchman's* butt?
 Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
 I'll to 'm, faith—Avast—before I go—
 Have not I promis'd *Sall* to see the show?

[Pulls out a Play-bill.

From this same paper we shall understand
 What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!
 First let's refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
 I'll take one sugar plumb—and then I'll read it.

[Takes some tobacco.

[He reads the Play-bill of *Zara*, which was
 acted that evening.

“At the Theatre-Royal—*Drury-Lane*—
 “will be presen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—

“S A R A H.”

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our *Sall* may see
 Her Namesake's Tragedy; and as for me,
 I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

“To which will be added,

“A new M A S Q U E.”

Zounds! why a Masque? We Sailors hate grimaces;
 Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces,
 But what is here so very large and plain?

“BRI-TA-NIA”—oh *Britania*!--good again—
 Huzza, boys!--by the *Royal George* I swear,
Tam Coxen, and the Crew, shall strait be there.

All

All free born souls must take *Bri-ta-nia's* part,
And give her three round cheers with hand and heart !

[Going off he stops.

I wish you Landmen though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics ;
And like us honest Tars, drink, fight, and sing !
True to Yourselves, your Country, and your King !

PROLOGUE TO TASTE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

And spoken by him in the Character of an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this Court I PETER PUFF appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer ;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate case before ye.—

'Tis said this night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends :
If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are' cur'd of Auction-hunting by his jokes ;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand,

Oh ! think on us what various ills will flow,
When great **ONES** only purchase—what they know.
Why laugh at **TASTE** ! It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair **ONES** hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—*China* and *Japan*.

The *Virtuoso* too, and *Connoisseur*,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure ;
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married cold :
Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows,
Their *Venus* must be old, and want a nose !

No

No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives ;
 'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives ;
 'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
 All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
 I never yet sold goods of *foreign* growth :
 Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome ;
 My best antiquities are made at home.
 I've *Romans, Greeks, Italians* near at hand,
 True *Britons* all—and living in the *Strand*.
 I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
 They furnish out my room *Herculaneum*.
 But hush —————
 Should it be known that *English* are employ'd,
 Our manufacture is at once destroy'd ;
 No matter what our countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
 If we should fall, to you it will be owing ;
 Farewel to arts---they're *going, going, going* ;
 The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town !
 Then set *Us* up—and knock the POET down.

PROLOGUE TO
 SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

*Spoken by Mr. Woodward, dressed in Black, and holding
 a Handkerchief to his Eyes.*

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak,
 I'm crying now, and have been all the week !
 'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters,
 I've that *within*, for which there are no plaisters.
 Pray wou'd you know the reason why I'm crying,
 The comic muse, long sick, is now a dying !
 And if she goes, my tears will never stop ;
 For as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop :

I am

I am undone, that's all, shall lose my bread,
 I'd rather, but that's nothing, lose my head.
 When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
 Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
 To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
 Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed!
 Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents,
 We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments!
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.
 What shall we do? -- If Comedy forsake us,
 They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us!
 But why can't I be moral? Let me try,
 My heart thus pressing, fix'd my face and eye,
 With a sententious look, that nothing means,
 (Faces are barber's blocks, in moral scenes)
 Thus I begin -- "All is not gold that glitters,
 "Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitterness;
 "When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand;
 "Learning is better far than house and land.
 "Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble;
 "And virtue is not virtue if she tumble.
 I give it up, morals won't do for me;
 To make you laugh I shou'd play tragedy.
 One hope remains, hearing the maid was ill,
 A doctor comes this night to shew his skill:
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion;
 He in five draughts prepar'd presents a potion:
 A kind of magic charm, for be assur'd,
 If you would swallow it, the maid is cur'd:
 But desperate the doctor, and her case is,
 If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
 This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives;
 No pois'nous drugs, are mix'd in what he gives.
 Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
 If not, within he will receive no fee!
 The college you, must his pretensions back,
 Pronounce him regular, or dub him quack.

H

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTERS.

Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

WHENE'ER the wits of *France* take pen in hand,
 To give a sketch of you and this our land ;
 One settled maxim through the whole you see—
 To wit—their great superiority !
 Urge what you will, they still have this to say,
 That you who ape them are less wise than they.
 'Tis thus these well bred Letter-writers use us,
 They trip o'er here, with half an eye peruse us ;
 Embrace us, eat our meat, and then—abuse us. }
 When this same Play was writ, that's now before ye,
 The *English* stage had reach'd its point of glory !
 No poultry thefts disgrac'd this Author's pen,
 He painted *English* manners, *English* men ; }
 And form'd his taste on *Shakespear* and old *Ben*. }
 Then were *French* farces, fashions, quite unknown,
 Our wits wrote well, and all they writ their own.
 These were the times when no infatuation,
 No vicious modes, no zeal for imitation, }
 Had chang'd, deform'd, and sunk the *British* nation. }
 Should you be ever from yourselves estrang'd,
 The *cock* will crow to see the *lion* chang'd !
 To boast our liberty is weak and vain,
 While tyrant vices in our bosoms reign ;
 Not liberty *alone* a nation saves,
 Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
 Let *Prussia's* sons each *English* breast inflame ;
 Obe our spirit, as our cause, the same !
 And as our hearts with one religion glow,
 Let us with all their ardors drive the foe,
 As heav'n had rais'd our arm, as heav'n had giv'n the
 blow.
 Would you re-kindle all your ancient fires,
 Extinguish first your modern, vain desires :

Still

Still it is yours, your glories to retrieve,
 Lop but the branches, and the tree shall live :
 With these erect a pile for sacrifice !
 And in the midst——throw all your cards and dice !
 Then fire the heap, and as it sinks to earth,
 The *British* genius shall have second birth !
 Shall, *Phoenix* like, rise perfect from the flame,
 Spring from the dust, and mount again to fame !

EPILOGUE TO THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. Abingdon.

IN parli'ment, whene'er a question comes,
 Which makes the chief look grave, and bite his
 thumbs,
 A knowing-one is sent, sly as a mouse,
 To peep into the humour of the house :
 I am that mouse ; peeping at friends and foes,
 To find which carry it, the ayes or noes :
 With more than power of parliament you sit,
 Despotic representatives of wit !
 For in a moment, and without much pother,
 You can dissolve this piece, and call another !
 As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see,
 In what they differ, and in what agree,
 The said supreme assembly of the nation,
 With this our great dramatic convocation !
 Business in both oft meets with interruption :
 In both, we trust, no brib'ry or corruption ;
 Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
 And the best speaker cannot keep you quiet :
 Nay, there, as here, he knows not how to steer him ;
 When order, order's drown'd, in hear him, hear him !
 We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,
 We open doors, and choose our galleries full :

For a full house both send abroad their summons;
 With us together sit the lords and commons.
 You ladies here have votes, debate, dispute,
 There if you go (O fye for shame!) you're mute:
 Never was heard of such a persecution;
 'Tis the great blemish of the constitution!
 No human laws should nature's rights abridge,
 Freedom of speech, our dearest privilege:
 Ours is the wiser sex, tho' deem'd the weaker;
 I'll put the question, if you chuse me speaker:
 Suppose me now be-wigg'd and seated here,
 I call to order! you, the chair! the chair!
 Is it your pleasure that this bill should pass,
 Which grants this poet, upon Mount Parnass',
 A certain spot, where ne'er grew corn or grass?
 You that would pass this play, say *aye*, and save it;
 You that say *no*, would damn it---the *eyes* have it.

Part of GARRICK'S ODE, upon dedicating a
 Building, and erecting a Statue to *Shake-
 speare*, at *Stratford upon Avon*.

TO what blest genius of the isle,
 Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
 Decree the festive day,
 Erect the statue, and devote the pile?
 Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
 To own the "bosom's lord?"
 'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!
 Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod,
 While sportive Fancy round him flew,
 Where Nature led him by the hand,
 Instructed him in all she knew,
 And gave him absolute command!
 'Tis he! 'tis he!
 "The god of our idolatry!"

To him the song, the edifice we raise,
 He merits all our wonder, all our praise !
 Yet ere impatient joy break forth,
 In sounds that lift the soul from earth;
 And to our spell-bound minds impart
 Some faint idea of his magic art !
 Let awful silence still the air !
 From the dark cloud the hidden light
 Bursts ten-fold bright !
 Prepare ! prepare ! prepare !
 Now swell the choral song,
 Roll the full tide of harmony along ;
 Let Rapture sweep the trembling strings,
 And Fame expanding all her wings,
 With all her trumpet tongues proclaim ;
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name !
 Shakespeare ! Shakespeare ! Shakespeare !
 Let th' enchanting sound
 From Avon's shores rebound ;
 Thro' the air
 Let it bear,
 The precious freight to envious nations round !

* * * *

A I R.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
 Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would
 dream,
 The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 The love-stricken maiden, the soft-fighting swain,
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain,
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
 And chearful old age feel the spirit of youth :
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head,

• • • • •

THE MORNING ADDRESS,

To the Ladies.

LET Beauty with the sun arise,
To Shakespeare tribute pay,
With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,
Give grace and lustre to the day.
Each smile she gives protects his name,
What face shall dare to frown?
Not Envy's self can blast the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown,

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

Sung with a Cup in his Hand, made of the Tree.

By Mr. GARRICK.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carved from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakespeare! was planted by thee;
As a relick I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee
Blest Mulberry,
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!
Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high, [sky,
Who spread round their branches, whose heads sweep the
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives, at prices so dear.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
 But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
 While One, only One, like our Shakespeare can write,
 All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
 Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers,
 The Garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
 All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch,
 Supplies Law and Physic, and Grace for the church;
 But Law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,
 And he gives the best Physic for body and mind.
 All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron, gives fame to the tree;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree;
 Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the Laurel and Vine.
 All shall yeild, &c.

The Genius of Shakespeare out-shines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has Laurel, and Bays, and the Vine, all in one.
 All shall yeild, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
 Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
 To honour the country, do honour to him.
 All shall yeild, &c.

A C A T C H.

NYM, Pistol, and Bardolph, with merry ol d Jack;
 One morningmade sport for their pupil, Prince Harry
 When Falstaff cry'd out for a bumper of sack,
 To Quickly, his hostess, and bid her not tarry;
 Ah! hah! cried the Prince, honest boy is it so!
 The wheels of your wit, must be oil'd as they go.

Anecdotes

ANECDOTES, &c.

IN August 1777, Mr. Garrick, accompanied by his neighbour and friend Mr. Henry Hoare, of the Adelphi, made a visit to Mr. Hoare of Stourhead, in Wilts. Being particularly charmed with the Grotto, he said he should like it for his burying-place, upon which one of the Company wished him to write his own Epitaph, which as soon as he returned to the house, he did extempore :

*Tom Fool, the tenant of this narrow space,
 (He play'd no foolish part, to choose this place)
 Hoping for mortal honours e'en in death,
 Thus spoke his wishes, with his latest breath:*
 "That Hal *, sweet-blooded Hal, might once a year;
 "Quit social jays, to drop a friendly tear ;
 "That Earle †, with magic sounds that charm the breast,
 "Should with a requiem teach his soul to rest ;
 "Full charg'd with humour, that the sportive Rust ‡,
 "Should fire three volleys o'er the Dust to Dust :
 "That honest Benson, § ever free and plain,
 "For once should sigh and wish him back again,
 "That Hoare || too might complete his glory's plan;
 "Point to his grave, and say---I lik'd the Man."

* Hen. Hoare, jun. Esq. of the Adelphi Buildings.

† Benson Earle, Esq. of Salisbury.

‡ John Rust, Esq. § John Benson, Esq.

|| Hen. Hoare, Esq. of Stourhead.

When

Mrs. Garrick and Lady Burlington.

Mrs. Garrick was a dancer upon Drury-lane stage about the year 1746, or 1747. That she was a most beautiful woman all the world acknowledged ; that she moved most gracefully, and was one of the finest figures upon the stage, was universally pronounced. But still she was only known by the name of Signiora Violetti. She had not long been in this situation before the late lady Burlington dissuaded her from continuing upon the stage, and invited her to her house as a companion, promising to provide for her ; and the event has evinced that her ladyship did not forget her promise. Various were the conjectures upon this occasion ; some ascribed this peculiar partiality of her ladyship to Signiora Violetti, entirely to the latter's personal merit and accomplishments, whilst others did not hesitate to pronounce that lord Burlington, in his juvenile days had, upon his travels in Italy, formed a connexion with a lady at Venice, by whom he had a daughter ; but that notwithstanding all his researches and enquiries, he had never been able to trace her, until he saw Signiora Violetti upon the stage, when he had the greatest reason to believe, from the striking resemblance of her supposed mother, that she was the object of his researches, and that in this opinion, he had requested his lady to invite her to his house, that he might have an *eclaircissement* upon the subject. That the event corroborated his surmises, and in the

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fullest

fullest evidence of conviction, he was resolved to make some attonement for having so long neglected her.

Mr. Garrick soon after found his heart deeply interested in Signiora Violetti's behalf, paid his addresses to her, and she accepted his hand. Lady Burlington, upon this occasion, presented her with a casket of jewels, containing also ten thousand pounds in bank notes.

Mr. Garrick often pronounced that period of his marriage with Mrs. Garrick, the most happy of his life.

When Garrick first married, he asked Quin what he thought of the match—"Why, said he, I always thought you could play *any part* better than *your own*."

Some time after Quin asked the same Gentleman, who had desired him to stand godfather to his first child, when he might think of preparing himself for the solemn occasion; to which David answered, "All in good time." "Indeed said Quin, it must be a *very good* and a *very fruitful* time, when you become a father.*"

Mr. Garrick being a Genius possessed of every Requisite for the Stage, able to charm us in every Character, from Richard III. to Abel Drugger, a very great Wit humorously observed, "*That Nature had crowded several different men into one little body.*"

Mr.

* Garrick had no issue by his Wife.

Mr. Garrick, on account of his deficiency of stature, used to wear cork soles, which gave him an *inch* in height, on which one of the greatest geniusses this country boasts, thought it *necessary* to write a treatise, to prove *that he was not six feet high*.

Garrick and Quin going home one night from the tavern, it rained very hard, and they called chairs. One presently offered, the chairmen saying, "Please you, we'll carry you both." "Where will you stow us?" said David. "Why, replied the chairman, his honour in the chair, and you in the lanthorn." "In that case, said Quin, by G—d, they would not find us *light*."

Mrs. Woffington one night played the character of Sir Harry Wildair to a very full house, and met with great applause. Upon her coming off in the third act, she said to Quin, who was behind the scenes, "Upon my word, I beleive all the house *takes* me for a man." "By G—d, Madam, said he, I am certain half the house *know* to the contrary."*

I 2 There
* Mrs. Woffington and Mr. Garrick lived together for some time in a state of avowed incontinence, and the event of this connection had nearly proved a serious connubial alliance, the day being absolutely fixed for their nuptials, when the detection of her infidelity with a certain baronet, broke off all farther correspondence with that lady. After Mr. Garrick had taken leave of this celebrated actress, the world talked loudly of his amours with the beautiful Mrs. —, and many other living characters, whose names, for particular reasons, we beg leave to suppress.

There are many characters in which Quin would never yeild his superiority to Garrick. He would say, for instance, "That G—might do *Master Jackey Brute*, but as for *Sir John*, he should never attempt it, at least whilst he lived; and whenever Garrick would begin to black his face for *Othello*, he would put on petticoats to do *Desdemona*."

Shuter being one night very merry at the Bedford coffee-house, the conversation happened to turn on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor, when amongst many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was observed as somewhat extraordinary, that though he was so excellent an actor himself, he was far from being lucky in his pupils. "Why," yes," replies Shuter, "though the *little one* is a *great one*, he is something like the famous running-horse Childers, the best racer in England *himself*, but could never get a colt.

A theatrical toad-eater, who paid his constant addulation to the principal actors for a good dinner and an order, on a sudden deserted Garrick's table. The manager was greatly surprized at this, and meeting him one evening at the Bedford with Quin, said to the parasite, "I hope you have taken nothing amiss—what's the reason we have not seen you so long?"—To which Quin answered, "Davy—your *table fits* him better than mine, but my *taylor fits* him better than yours."

When

When the late Sir John Hill first launched into the literary world, he, amongst *other voluminous works in all sciences*, wrote several *farces*, which he recommended very strongly to Mr. Garrick for representation; Garrick, however, not judging them to possess merit enough for the stage, politely refused them, which so irritated the doctor, that he constantly squibbed at him in the news-papers, some of which he at that time commanded: Garrick bore all patiently for some time; at last thinking it necessary to hint to the world the occasion of this antipathy, he told it to the public in the following very severe epigram:

“For *physic* and *farces*
His equal there scarce is;
For his *farces* are *physic*, and his *physic* a *farce*
is.”

In one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a very fine whole length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the III^d. which was universally allowed to be the best likeness of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down stairs from the exhibition-room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him, how he did? “Why, faith, my lord,” replied Garrick, “but *so-so* this morning; but if your lordship will walk up stairs, you will see me as well as ever I was in my life.”

Garrick

Garrick and Foote being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the latter pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the former, "What he should do with a light Guinea he had?" "Pshaw, it is worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further than any other man.*"

We must not forget an anecdote, not mentioned by any of Mr. Garrick's Biographers. Mr. Garrick, previous to his appearing upon the stage, had some thoughts of engaging in business. With this view he commenced wine merchant; but his genius for the stage happily predominating, he soon gave up all his commercial views, for the more popular profession of the sock and buskin. This short connection with business, however, gave birth to a well-known sarcasm of Mr. Foote.--- "Mr. Garrick, (said he) took a cellar, and putting into it two or three gallons of *vinegar*, called himself a *Wine-Merchant.*"

A young Scotchman once offered himself to Mr. Garrick as a first-rate actor, when little Roscius desired to hear him speak. The Scotchman said he would immediately give him a *specimen of his abilities out of Hamlet*, and began the favourite soliloquy,

"To be, or not to be—that is the question."

Not to be, on my honour, Sir, replied Garrick.

Foote

Foote being at supper one night at the Bedford coffee-house, just after Garrick had performed Mackbeth, the conversation was naturally turned on the merits of that great performer, when after many eulogiums on the universality of his powers, it was allowed that he was the first actor *on any stage*. "Indeed, gentlemen," says Foote, "I do not think you have said above *half enough* of him, for I think him not only the *greatest* actor *on* but *off* the stage."

The death of the late Mr. Holland, of Drury-Lane theatre (who was the son of a baker at Chyswick) had likewise a very great effect on Foote's spirits; being a legatee, as well as appointed, by the will of the deceased, one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault, and there poured a very plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house, when an acquaintance coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him *shoved* into the *family-oven*."

A gentleman once asked Doctor Johnson "What was his real opinion of Macklin, for I hear," says he, "he is very clever." "What, Macklin clever!" says the doctor, "No, no, Sir, the fellow is a *constant renovation of hope*, with an *eternal disappointment*."

At

At the time of the Jubilee at Stratford, planned and conducted by Mr Garrick, in honour of Shakespeare, the weather in general (though early in September) turned out very bad ; particularly the day appointed for the public procession, which obliged that part of the ceremony to be dispensed with. Garrick meeting Foote on the morning of this day in the public breakfast-room, just in the moment of a very heavy shower of rain, "Well, Sam," says he, rather disappointedly, "What do you think of this?" "Think of it," says Foote: "Why I think, it is *God's revenge against Vanity.*"

When Wilkinson, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimmickry, which he succeeded so well in, as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off, was the late Luke Sparks, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it ; consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company.*" "Very true," Sir," says the other, gravely ; "but I have known many a man ruined by keeping *good company.*"

Foote

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did; the duke of C——d, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, “Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things.” “Do you, my lord duke,” says the other, “why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I beleive you never *threw up* one of them in your life.”

A certain theatrical genius, who was bred a peruke-maker, having abdicated his profession, and from weaving of hair turned to a weaver of tragedies, offered a production of his muse to the late Mr. Rich, who is commemorated to have said a good thing upon the occasion. He told the bard there was too much *horse hair* in it.

The. Cibber at a reherfal at Covent-garden, accidentally tumbled into one of the trap doors that was left open, when Quin asked what was the matter? And being told by one of the scene-shifters that Mr. Cibber had *spoilt his face*. “By G--d, said Quin, that’s impossible, *for any change must be for the better.*”

The first night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, a lady was observing to a gentleman, who sat near her, what a number of *Jews* were in the house, “O Lord, madam,” says he, “I do not wonder at that! consider they are come *to try the value of a diamond.*”

K

Quin

Quin was one night going upon the stage in the character of Cato, and Mrs. Cibber pulled him back to tell him he had a hole in his stocking—"Darned stockings I detest, said Quin, that seems premeditated poverty."

M-k-n was standing one night with his back to the farthest fireplace at the Bedford Coffee-house, whilst Quin was sitting at the hither one, when a gentleman came in who had not long been from Oxford, and seating himself by Quin, he kept his eyes constantly fixed on M-k-n. At length he cried out, in some kind of astonishment—"What *strong lines* that gentleman has on his face!"—"Cords, you mean, Sir," said Quin."

Some years ago doctor Arne produced an operatta at Covent Garden theatre, called the *Rose*, which (though there were many *scriptural allusions* in it) was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance what he really thought of it. "Why, baiting the *piety* of it, says the wit, I must confess I never saw a piece so justly *damned* in my life."

Quin was asked once by a gentleman what he thought of Garrick's acting *Sir John Brute*—"Why, Sir, said Quin, it is a part I never saw him in—but I have seen him do *Master Jackey Brute* very often."

Some

[53]

Some years ago two comedians belonging to Covent Garden theatre having a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to doctor Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, Sir," addressing himself to the first, "you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah," says the other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop Sir," says the Doctor, "I have a word to say to you before you go; which is this, that as for you, Sir, *you cannot sing at all*."

Soon after Mrs. Macaulay had published her *Loose Thoughts*, Foote asked Garrick, whether it was not a very ^{inappropriate} delicate title for a lady to use?—Not at all, replied David, for the sooner a woman gets rid of her *loose thoughts* the better.

A gentleman asked doctor Johnson why he hated the Scotch so much? the other replied, "You are mistaken, Sir, I do not hate the Scotch; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element*; but I do not like to have them hopping about my bedchamber."

The

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The LIFE of
Mr. Edward Alleyn,
Comedian.

MR. ALLEYN was a celebrated Comedian in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth and James the First. In a note in his own hand writing, now preserved in Dulwich College, of which he was founder & he says, "on the first of September 1622, being the first of my birthday, I was full sixty years of age;" from which we can authentically date his birth in the year 1566.

Mr. Alleyn was born in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, where his parents were people of reputation and circumstances.

He devoted himself very early to the Drama, in which, tho' it does not appear that he had previously attained to any considerable eminence in classic or scientific studies, he acquired not the approbation of the populace alone, but the peculiar regard and esteem of the learned and ingenious. He was endowed with the most essential requisites which compose a good actor — possessing excellent natural parts; a pliant genius, lively temper, great memory, fluent speech, and pleasing voice; to which were added

as

& Mr. Alleyn was also the Founder of several other Charities.

as far as can be judged by his picture, a stately figure and graceful deportment.

Though it does not appear at what age Mr. Alleyn commenced actor, yet we can evidently demonstrate that he arrived at a very great degree of perfection before he was twenty-six. Christopher Marloe, the poet, died in the year 1592, and Alleyn was famous for acting in some of his pieces. In the prologue to Marloe's *Jew of Malta*, written by Heywood, he is called "the best of actors," and in another part of it he is complimented with

being a Man,
 "Whom we may rank with (doing no man
 wrong)

"Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a
 tongue."

The author of the *Biographica Britanica*, speaking of Alleyn at this very period, says, "he had
 "then so captivated the town, and monopolized
 "the favour of his audience by those agreeable
 "varieties he could so readily command, in his
 "voice, countenance, and gesture; and so judiciously
 "adapt to the characters he play'd,
 "that he could animate the most lifeless compositions,
 "and improve them, that he wholly
 "engaged those who heard and saw him,
 "from considering the propriety of the sentiments
 "he pronounced, or of the parts he personated;
 "and all the defects of the Poet, were
 "either beautified, palliated, or attoned for, by
 "the perfections of the player."

This

This extraordinary character was gathered from some manuscripts of the Lord Keeper Puckering, now in the Harleian Library.

In some of Ben Jonson's plays he was a principal performer ; nor can we suppose but he was such in many of the immortal Shakespeare's ; for of that inimitable writer's dramatic pieces, there were no less than twelve publickly known, and no doubt acted, so early as the year 1598 ; and as Alleyn was then but 32, and in the zenith of his glory, there can be no reason to imagine that he did not appear in most of them.

We cannot introduce in a better place than here, a curious anecdote of Shakespeare and Alleyn, which carries with it all the air of probability and truth. A gentleman of honour and veracity, has a letter dated in the year 1600, which has been in the possession of his family for a long series of years, and which bears all the marks of antiquity. The superscription is, " For master Henrie Marle livynge at the sygn
" of the rose by the palace" and its contents run thus,

" Friende Marle,

" I must desyre that my syster hyr watche,
and the cookerie booke you promysed, may be
sente by the man—I never longed for thy
companie more than last night ; we were all
verie

verie merrie at the globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrm pleasauntely to thy friende Will, that he had stolen hys speeche about the excellencie of acting, in Hamlet hys Tragedye, from conversaytions manyfold whych had passed betweene them, and opinionones gyven by Alleyn touchyng that subiecte. Shakespeare did not take thys talke in good sorte, but Jonson put an ende to the stryfe wyth wittielie sayinge thys affaire needeth no contentione ; you stole it from Ned no doubt ; do not marvel ; have you not seene hym act tymes out of number ?—believe me most syn-
cerelie
H Peel."

There is one circumstance which seems to strengthen the authenticity of this anecdote, which is, that there was a Mr. Peel, of Christ Church College in Oxford, who wrote two plays, the one published in 1593. entitled "Edward the first," the other in 1599, called "David and Bersheba their loves, wythe the Tragedie of Absalom," and who most probably might be the writer of this very letter.

We apprehend there can be very little reason to doubt that the Jonson mentioned to have ended the dispute between Shakespeare and Alleyn, was the ever memorable Ben ; and the reason for it is, because this author, whose lust for praise himself, would scarce ever
permit

permit him to bestow it on another, has paid the highest compliment to Mr. Alleyn, in the following lines, which may be seen in his epigrams.

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage;
As skilful Roscius, and great Æsop; men,
Yet crown'd with honour; as with riches then;
Who had no less a trumpet to their name
Than Cicero; whose ev'ry breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me,
That Alleyn, I shou'd pause to publish thee!
Who both their graces in thyself, hast more
Outstrip'd, than they did all who went before.
And present worth, in all dost so contract,
As others spake, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown: 'tis just, that who did give
So many poets life by one shou'd live.

Dr. Fuller in his Worthies, says that Alleyn "made any part, especially a majestic one, become him;" and those who have seen the picture preserved of him at Dulwich, must credit the Doctor's assertion, so far as it relates to the stateliness of his figure.

Gerard Langbaine, in his account of the English dramatic poets, takes occasion to introduce the name of Alleyn, of whom he observes that "he was an ornament to Black-Fryars (the play-house) and his profession."

From all these concurrent testimonies, it is incontestibly evident that Mr. Alleyn could be little less than the Garrick of his time.

T H E E N D,

